

Spirit of the Age.

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

VOL. 38: NO 48

WOODSTOCK, VT., WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20, 1878.

WHOLE NO. 1890

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The Eternal City.

Some leveled hills, a wall, a dome
That lords its gilded arch and lies,
While at its base a beggar cries,
For bread, and dies—and that is Rome.

Yet Rome is Rome; and Rome she must
And shall remain beside her gate,
And tribute take of kings and states,
Until the stars have fallen to dust.

Yea, Time on you campaign plain
Has pitched in siege its battle tents;
And round about her battlements
Has marched and trumpeted in vain.

These skies are Rome! The very loam
Lifts up and speaks in Roman pride;
And Time, outcast and still defied,
Sits by and wags his beard at Rome.

—Joachim Miller.

Blessed Be Nothing.

The Vanderbilt will ease and the
Stewart grave ease, not to mention a
score more that are equally conspic-
uous in their way, go very far to recon-
cile many persons who were not par-
ticularly thoughtful on the subject be-
fore to the belief that the pursuit and
the possession of great riches is the
last of all desirable things on earth.
For the rich man there is usually
nothing but incessant care and anx-
iety. He complains rightfully that he
works harder than any of his race,
and that he receives no more for it
than the poor passing laborer who is
comfortably fed, clothed and sheltered.
What he enjoys is chiefly the
product of his imagination. He wish-
es to be esteemed more highly than
men who are not worth his number of
dollars, and perhaps by the inconsid-
erate and ill-judging crowd he is; but
if he knew, as now and then he seems
to know, how largely his own esti-
mate of his importance is discounted
by the better and higher judgments in
social life unless he is pleased to con-
form his actions to their unswerving
rules, he would make haste to let go
his hold on mere material possessions
and endeavor to supply himself with
qualifications of character such as last
to the end of life and project their in-
fluence far into the future. The un-
roofing of families by the quarrel over
the Vanderbilt will can be compen-
sated for by no fortune in money
which the veriest plutocrat ever lived
to accumulate. Vanderbilt is torn to
pieces after death in his character, and
Stewart in his poor remains.

Would we, then, advise people to
sit down idly and put forth no effort
to improve their age and leave the
world better than they found it? Of
course not; civilization is not to be
advanced in that way. We must only
make the moral and the material work
more closely together. The fact hap-
pens to be that very few rich men
ever become so from any particular
desire to benefit the race or advance
civilization. They simply struggle to
grow rich. Neither they nor their
heirs can plead for them that their ab-
sorbing love of riches was a virtue to
be extolled or imitated. It so
happened, as it always happens, that
the mercenary and ambitious spirit is
insensibly put into harness and driven
to the performance of service at which,
if it only possessed the insight to see
it, it would revolt in disgust and an-
ger. But men must be made useful
in whatever gifts are given them; and
if one man loves money before every-
thing else, his pursuit of it will be so
guided by a Power above his head
that he will unconsciously do those
things which are of the greatest use
to his fellow-men. If another loves
power above all things, in acquiring
it he is insensibly compelled to per-
form services which he would utterly
refuse to do if he were not inspired
and led of this single passion. And
so all around the circle; no man works
for himself alone, however much he
may think he does. All are allowed
to deceive themselves, while their de-
lusion is overruled to a larger than a
merely personal good. In this view,
the one who is content to work with
moral forces may do more for himself
and his generation both than the one
who seeks to possess and control the
material ones merely. And the man
who seems for the time to be blessed
with nothing may thus have every-
thing that is worth having, and still
have nothing like a will to be con-
tended nor a vault to be worth plun-
dering.—(Boston Post.

When Judas Iscariot sold out he
wouldn't even take small change in
flat money, and Judas was about as
mean as they made 'em in those days.

Whistling to Squirrels.

Mr John Muir, the naturalist, has
a short paper in Scribner for Decem-
ber on "The Douglas Squirrels of
California,"—of which little is known
in the East,—in which he relates the
following unique experience:

Though I cannot of course expect
all my readers to sympathize fully in
my admiration, of this little animal,
few I hope will think this sketch of
his life too long. I cannot begin to
tell how much he has cheered my
lonely wanderings during all the years
I have been pursuing my studies in
these glorious wilds; or how much
unmistakable humanity I have found
in him. Take this for example: One
calm, creamy, Indian summer
morning, when the nuts were
ripe, I was camping in the upper pine
woods of the south fork of the San
Joaquin, where the squirrels seemed
to be about as plentiful as the ripe burrs
They were taking an early breakfast
before going to their regular harvest
work. While I was busy with my
own breakfast I heard the thudding
fall of two or three heavy cones from
a yellow pine near me, and stole
noiselessly forward within about
twenty feet of the base of it to observe.
In a few moments down came the
Douglas. The breakfast burrs he had
cut off had rolled on the gentle slop-
ing ground into a clump of ceanothus
bushes, but he seemed to know where
they were, for he found them appar-
ently without searching for them. They
were more than twice as heavy as
himself, but after turning them into
the right position for getting a good
hold with his long sickle-teeth he
managed to drag them up to the foot
of the tree he had cut them from,
moving backward. Then seating
himself comfortably, he held them on
one end, bottom up, and demolished
them with great rapidity. A good deal
of nibbling had to be done before he
got anything to eat, because the lower
seeds are barren, but when he had pa-
tiently worked his way up the fertile
ones he found two sweet nuts at the
base of each shaped like trimmed
hams, and purple spotted like birds
eggs. And notwithstanding these cones
were dripping with soft balsam and
covered with prickles, and so strong-
ly put together that a boy would be
puzzled to cut them open with a jack-
knife, he accomplished his meal with
easy dignity and cleanliness, making
less effort apparently than a man
would in eating soft cookery from a
plate.

Breakfast done, I thought I would
whistle a tune for him before he went
to work, curious to see how he would
be affected by it. He had not seen
me all this while; but the instant I
began he darted up the tree nearest
to him, and came out on a small dead
limb opposite me, and composed him-
self to listen. I sang and whistled
more than a dozen tunes, and as the
music changed his eyes sparkled, and
he turned his head from side to side,
but made no other response. Other
squirrels, hearing the strange sounds,
came around on all sides, chipmunks
also and birds. One of the birds a
handsome speckle-breasted thrush
seemed even more interested than the
squirrels. After listening for a while
on one of the lower dead sprays of a
pine, he came swooping forward with-
in a few feet of my face, where he
remained fluttering a few minutes or
so, sustaining himself with whirling
wing-beats, like a humming-bird in
front of a flower, while I could look
into his eye and see innocent wonder.

By this time my performance must
have lasted nearly half an hour. I
sang or whistled "Boonie Doop,"
"Lass o' Gowrie," "O'er the Water to
Charlie," "Bonnie Woods o' Craigie
Lee," etc., all of which seemed to be
listened to with bright interest, my
first Douglas sitting patiently through
it all, with his telling eyes fixed upon
me, until I ventured to give the "Old
Hundredth," when he screamed his
Indian name, Pillilooet, turned tail,
and darted with ludicrous haste up the
tree out of sight, his voice and actions
in the case leaving a somewhat profane
impression, as if he had said "I'll be
hanged if you get me to hear anything
so solemn and unipine." This acted
as a signal for the general dispersal of
the whole hairy tribe, though the
bird seemed willing to wait further
developments, music being naturally
more in their line

The Lost Arts of Women.

This is what Mrs. Henry Ward
Beecher says. It is to be hoped she
practices "darning and mending."

"It is possible that in olden times
too much stress was laid on the im-
portance of training girls to darn and
mend so exquisitely that it would be
difficult, almost impossible, to discover
that there had been any necessity
for the labor; but if there was any er-
ror in teaching and exacting such per-
fect work, it was the fault that "learned
to virtue's side," and beyond all com-
parison better than the wretched
botching to be found on the raiment
of some—of many— of the girls of
the present day. Laundresses that
wash for girls could make strange re-
velations of neglect of garments and
careless repairs, were not their lips
sealed through fear of losing good
customers.

When a broken stitch is allowed to
go unrepaired until it has become so
large that the stocking cannot be worn
without some repairs, and is then
drawn up into an ugly bunch, hard
enough to blister the feet, instead of
being nicely darned— or when a tear
or rip on dress or undergarment is
pulled together with thread coarse
enough to injure the fabric, or is too
blame, the mother or the daughter?
What instruction has ever been given
the young girl about looking out for
the beginning of the evil to her ward-
robe.

Has she been taught to darn or to
mend every rip the first possible mo-
ment after it has been discovered, and
to do it neatly? Oh, no! Her mu-
sic and drawing lessons, her French,
German and dancing, are apparently
of more importance than such useful
work as mending or darning.

If a young lady has what, in these
days is rare, skill of compelling her
needle to aid her in carrying out all
the requisitions which will enable her
with scant materials, to keep herself
neatly and genteely clad; if she can
turn, remodel, piece neatly, cover the
lack of material by simple and ap-
propriate trimming, until she makes an
old garment look "amais as weel's
the new," she will thank the mother
all her life who led her in the way she
should go, and whatever changes, she
has far less to fear than those who
may have neglected those home du-
ties.

Hate Not.

Hate not. It is not worth your
while. Your life is not long enough
to make it pay to cherish ill-will or
hard thoughts. What if this man has
cheated you, or that man has played
you false? What if your friend has
forsaken you in time of need, or that
one, having won your entire confi-
dence, your warmest love, has conclu-
ded that he prefers to consider and
treat you as a stranger. Let it all
pass. What difference will it make
to you in a few years, when you go to
the undiscovered country? A few more
smiles, a few more pleasures, much
pain, a little longer hurrying and wor-
rying through the world, some hasty
greetings, abrupt farewells, and our
play will be "played out," the injured
will be laid away and, ere long, for-
gotten. Is it worthy to hate each
other?

A fair dame of Eureka, Nev., threat-
ened to sue a wealthy gentleman for
breach of promise. Rather than have
his fellowmen suspect that he was not
a man who lived up to his word, he
offered to marry her, and procured a
license from the county clerk. At the
hour appointed for the ceremony the
bride and groom were upon the floor
of the hotel before a magistrate, with
their hands joined. The bridegroom
promptly made his responses and prom-
ised to love and cherish her. The
magistrate turned to the bride with
the question: "Will you have this
man for your wedded husband?" The
response came quick and angry: "No
I won't," and tearing herself away
from the bridegroom, she sailed out
of the room under full head of steam
with her mother in tow. The bride-
groom was stunned for a moment, and
then recovering, his self-possession
accepted the congratulations of the
wedding guests on his unexpected de-
liverance, and ordered up two baskets
of champagne.

The Chinese haven't gone.

Pauperism and Extravagance.

The case *prima facie*, is always ag-
ainst a pauper. The accidents of life
sometimes casts a man or a woman
high and dry upon the sands of a help-
less poverty; but usually pauperism
comes through a lack of the prudential
virtues. It is not always that a pau-
per wastes his revenues in drink, or
other immoralities; but somewhere in
his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it
will be found that he has been extrava-
gant; that he has not exercised self-
denial under temptation; that he has
lived up to or beyond his means, or has
ventured upon risks that the lowest
grade of business prudence would con-
demn. Now who is to bear the pen-
alty of these sins and mistakes? How
are they to be prevented in future, if
those who commit them, regardless of
consequences, are to be coddled and
taken care of by those who have denied
themselves and laid up a little wealth?

Good, rugged, grand, old Thomas
Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid
the mawkish sentimentality of this lat-
ter day such a healthy utterance as this
from his sturdy pen: "Let wasteful-
ness, idleness, improvidence take the
fate which God has appointed them
that their opposites may also have a
chance for their fate." As it is, our
philanthropists try to make us believe
that the special business of a thrifty
man is not in any way to enjoy the
fruit of his prudence and enterprise,
but to shield the shiftless people
around him from results of their own
imprudence and improvidence.

J. G. Holland; Scribner for Decem-
ber.

A Girl Teamster in Boots.

For several months past, among
the teamsters and wood-choppers
working for the railroad company at
and in the vicinity of Poplar Bluff,
there has been one, a trim very
smooth-faced fellow, especially notice-
able. He was popular with all his
associates, owing, perhaps to his boyish
ways and his straight-forward bearing.
He did not indulge in the use of in-
toxiating liquor, and night after night
as the men were grouped around the
camp-fire, his cheery voice as he
sang the rude ballads of his companions
made the forest ring. About ten days
since, he fell victim to fever and chills
and while delirious, his attendants
made the startling discovery that their
favorite was not what he claimed, but
a woman in disguise. At night on
the return of the choppers to the camp,
the information was imparted, and the
next day the girl was carried to Pop-
lar Bluff, where under the care of a
physician, she soon recovered. Her
occupation gone, she found herself
an object of suspicion and curiosity.
Unable to obtain work suitable for her
sex, a few nights since she donned her
"old clothes," and as we learn from
Conductor Welsh, came to Judsonia,
where she is again at her old occu-
pation—driving a team. The girl when
questioned as to her reason for leading
the life she does answers frankly that
she cannot obtain employment suitable
for a woman, and that as a man she
receives much larger pay than she
would as common domestic.

An undertaker in New Jersey was
recently called to prepare the body of
a woman for burial. From some cause
the lower limbs had been seized with
cramps just before death and were
drawn up out of shape. In the at-
tempt to straighten them the under-
taker finally sat down upon them and
was pressing them into the proper po-
sition in the coffin when something
struck him from behind, and turning
his head to see what it was, he was
confronted with the face of the corpse
close to his own. The pressure upon
the legs had tilted the body upright,
but the poor undertaker, not under-
standing, ran from the house in mortal
terror.

A Castleton, correspondent of the
Rutland Herald says fifteen bushels of
round sweets, five bushels of fall pip-
pins, three bushels of seek-no-farth-ers,
two bushels of russets and six bushels
of common fruit have been gathered
from one tree in this village this fall.
The tree is sixty years old and girths
eight feet at the trunk. It has stood
on our little domain twenty-eight
years, and in that time has supplied
us with from 500 to 600 bushels of
apples.

Wise Items.

Perseverance is the best school for
every manly virtue.

To-morrow is the day on which idle
men work and fools return.

Who is powerful? He who can
control his passions. Who is rich?
He who is contented with what he has.
—Jewish Sayings.

A polite philosopher thanked a lady
who had been singing to a party for
an hour by saying, "Madam, you have
wasted our time charmingly."

Woman is content to build hap-
piness on any accidental basis that
may be near at hand; man is for
making a world to suit his happiness.
—Thomas Hardy.

Events are only the shells of ideas;
and often it is the fluent thought of
age that is crystallized in a moment by
the stroke of a pen or the point of a
bayonet.—Chapin.

A time is coming when every man
will pronounce even the common
words of his own tongue as seems
right in his own eyes, and be thought
none the worse for it; the speaking
age is passing away to make room
for the writing age.—Thomas Hardy.

You can't have everything you
want in this world. Life is like a
blanket that is too short; if you pull
it up over your shoulders you uncover
your feet; and if you cover your feet
your shoulders must be bare. How-
ever, some people manage to draw
their feet up a little and pass a very
pleasant night.

Whatever you think proper to grant
a child, let it be granted at the first
word, without entreaty or prayer, and
above all without making condi-
tions. Grant with pleasure, refuse
with reluctance, but let your refusal
be irrevocable; let no importunity
shake your resolutions; let the word
"no," when once pronounced be a wall
of brass, which a child after he has
tried his strength against it half a
dozen times shall never more endeavor
to shake.

"Ah when shall I see Athens and
the citadel again?" Foolish man, are
you not contented with what you see
every day? Can you see anything
better than the sun, the moon the stars
the whole earth, the sea? But if be-
sides you comprehend Him who ad-
ministers the whole, and carry Him
about within yourself, do you still
long after certain stones and fine
rocks? What will you do then, when
you are to leave even the sun and
moon? Will you sit crying like an in-
fant.—Epictetus.

An Arkansas Cow.

Judge Grant was in Little Rock,
Ark., in attendance at the United
States court. One morning he saw a
farmer with a slouch hat, and a genu-
ine butter-nut suit, trying to sell a cow
in the market there. It was a large
long horned animal, and the planter
was informing a man that the cow
would give five quarts of milk a day,
if fed well.

Up stepped the Judge. "What do
you ask for the cow?"

"About \$30. She'll give five quarts
of milk if you feed her well, replied
the planter, and he proceeded to de-
scribe her good qualities.

Said the Judge: "I have cows on
my farm, not much more than half as
big as your cow, which gives
twenty to twenty-five quarts of milk a
day."

The planter eyed the Judge sharply
for a moment, as if trying to remem-
ber whether he had ever seen him be-
fore or not and then asked: "Stranger
where do you live?"

"My home is in Iowa."
"Yes stranger, I don't dispute it.
There were heaps of sogers from Iowa
down here during the war, and stang-
er, they were the all-fired liars in
the whole Yankee army. Mebbe you
mout be an officer in some of them
regiments?"

The Judge slid for the court house

A young man with a terrific cold in
his head sitting by the side of his best
girl in a crowded church, never fully
realizes the awful responsibilities of
life until he struggles with all the force
of his entire being to keep back an
insidious sneeze.—Hackensack Repub-
lican.

Beecher says we may dance. All
right Mr. Beecher; thank you, sir;
much obliged—we'll do so first oppor-
tunity.—Boston Post.